VOL. I. FEBRUARY, 1898. No. 4.

LITTLE FOLKS

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR YOUNGEST READERS

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LITTLE FOLKS

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THE DEAREST LITTLE KITTEN! (*See page* 113.)

LITTLE FOLKS

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MY VALENTINE.

WHO'S my Valentine this year?
Let me whisper in your ear:
One who has the dearest eyes,
Makes delicious cakes and pies;
When I call sets forth in haste
Doughnuts just to suit my taste;
If I have a button gone,
Always stops and sews it on.
She is always trim and neat,
And her cookies crisp and sweet;
Wears the daintiest of caps;
Bakes the nicest ginger-snaps;
Has the smoothest, shiniest hair;
Often has a cent to spare.

Often when I see her sitting
With her sewing, or her knitting,
Then I come beside her knee,
And some tale she'll tell to me.
Makes me wish that I was good;
Seems as if she understood
Just how hard it is for boys
When they're told to make no noise!
Haven't you guessed this secret fine?
Grandmama's my Valentine!

Elizabeth R. Burns.

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ROSES, PINKS AND TULIPS, PAINTED BY MYSELF.

LITTLE TRYPHENA'S FIRST VALENTINE.

FIFTY-TWO years ago this February Miss Mary over the way and I were seven years old.

I had been mad with Mary Mendall ever since New Year's Day when I was sent with a basket of seed-cakes to poor old Mammy Ellis, at the poorhouse, and she went with me. We peeped under the cloth; peeped again; peeped longer. She said, "Let's take one." I said, "Oh, no!" at first very loud; second time not so loud; next time very faint; and the end of it was that we each ate two.

Now this troubled me so much nights when I went to bed, and also when we had seed-cakes on the table, that I determined to be mad at Mary Mendall. I took no notice of her, would not speak, nor let her bite of my apple, and we made faces at each other.

It was a country place, but the teacher had told the scholars about valentines, and how to make them; and had told us of some pretty verses. Nearly all of the children made valentines that winter. I made mine of flower pictures — roses, pinks and tulips, drawn and painted by myself.

Sammy Alden had red cheeks, and white teeth, and lived in a pretty house, and I thought I would drop my valentine on his doorstep. The way, the teacher said, was to go in the evening, drop your valentine, knock, and run like lightning.

Of course everything about valentines had to be kept private, but I told mother, and she let me go out to do it right

after supper. I went acrossways to the back side of Sammy's house, and climbed over and was stepping softly as I could toward the back door, when I heard the great dog bark, inside; and thinking they would let him out at me I ran, swift, right into the barn — and there I stayed. I dared not stir out for fear the dog would hear me, or that somebody might be looking out of the windows.

The barn was dark inside, and in tiptoeing about I stumbled over a milking-stool. I sat down on it, trembling all over lest a man should come, or the dog, perhaps. And I thought how some old straggler might be hid away there, or maybe a ghost, and I began to cry softly, all to myself, when I heard a rustling way back in the darkest corner, and, right off, a strange kind of whisper; loud and hoarse and long, thus:

"*Try-phe-ny! Trypheny C-l-a-r-k!*"

It startled me so, I said, "Oh!" and stopped crying to listen.

Another whisper: "*Try-phe-ny!* Don't — you — know — *me?* I — am — Mary Mendall. Come — here!"

I went, quick enough, into her corner. She was sitting on a ladder and we hugged each other for joy. For she had come some time before with a valentine for Sammy, and had been scared by the dog and had run into the barn to keep from being seen, just as I had, and durst not stir out.

While she was whispering all this we heard the sound of wheels.

"Oh, dear!" Mary said, "now somebody will bring in the horse! And a lantern! Hurry up to the haymow! Up the ladder! *quick!*"

"Oh, I can't! I can't!" I whispered.

"You must!" she whispered. "They'll be coming! Dog too, maybe! come! hurry! I'll go ahead! Give me your valentine! I'll hold 'em between my teeth."

Voices louder outside hurried us up very quickly. I slipped and said, "*Oh!*" She whispered to hush me, and so dropped the valentines down on the barn floor.

We pulled hay in front of us, and there we sat on the boards hugging each other tight, while the horse was being put into

LOUD VOICES HURRIED US UP.

the stall. Sammy was with his father.

"Why, there on the floor are two letters!" Mr. Alden cried out. "Wonder how they came here! Sammy, your name's on both of them." Then we heard the paper torn open.

"Picters in it, Sammy," said Mr. Alden, and he read my verse:

"I bring you, Sammy, these flowers fine
And sign my name,
Your Valentine."

"Hity-tyty!" said Mr. Alden, "Let's take them into mother. Mother most always knows about things."

That may have been so, but Sammy never found out till long, long afterward, who sent him his valentines, nor how they came to be left in the barn.

When the house and all around were quiet, we crept down and then out of the back end of the barn. Going home, Mary Mendall asked me what I had been mad at her for, and I told her because I had bad shamed feelings when I went to bed, and when we had seed-cakes for supper. She owned up to having the same kind of feelings and said, speaking low, "Let us promise each other never to do such a thing again." And we stood still there and promised each other.

I told mother afterwards about what a time we had with our

valentines, and she promised to keep it private. Mary Mendall said she almost knew we ought to tell her about the seed-cakes, too. So one Saturday when she came to play with me, we went into the kitchen where mother was ironing some aprons. We stood close by the table. Mary Mendall nudged me with her elbow and said, "Tell!"

"No, you tell," I whispered.

"What is it?" mother asked, with her sweet smile.

"*Trypheny and I ate some of Mammy Ellis's seed-cakes New Year's Day*," Mary Mendall blurted out, in her quick, queer way.

Mother understood right off. "But nobody need do a bad thing more than once," she said kindly, and said no more.

Afterwards she frequently sent me on the same kind of errand, and said Mary Mendall would go with me, and *she* will remember how happy we felt and how lightly we stepped off, so glad to be trusted, and that we were worthy to be trusted! Miss Mary over the way, will remember all this I have been telling and plenty more. We have lived neighbors all our lives, and have never made up faces at each other, nor been anything but loving friends. Since that time of the seed-cakes I have many a time gone to her for advice, and it has always been strong for the right.

Abby Morton Diaz.

A BAD FELLOW.

RIGHT-HAND is steady, strong and true,
Left-Hand does all that he can do,
But there is one, be sure to shun —
He is not good for work or fun
A fellow bad in every land
Is lazy, tardy Behind-Hand!

Zitella Cocke.

"SEEGOONAN, WUGOONAN, AND SEYEH."

MRS. YANG YU AND HER LITTLE GIRLS.

MANY interesting little children from other lands come to our National Capital to live, from time to time. Foreign countries send men, called ministers, to do business with our Government, and often these grand officials bring their families; but the little Washington children think the very nicest and cunningest that ever came were the two little girls of the Chinese minister, Mr. Yang Yu.

There was a little boy too, "Seyeh." The names of the little girls were "Seegoo-niang," and "Wu-goo-niang," pronounced short, "Seegoonan," and "Wugoonan"—the Washington children called them just "See" and "Wu."

All three looked exactly as in the pictures. Some of the readers of LITTLE FOLKS may have seen them. They lived in a big stone house on Fourteenth Street, where on top of the tall flagstaff hung the yellow silk flag of China, with a black dragon on it. On pleasant afternoons little "See" and "Wu"

were often to be seen looking out of the big windows or standing in the balconies with their nurses, bowing and smiling to people that passed, touching their wee brown fingers to their lips in make-believe kisses — the Chinese never have "truly" kisses.

Many people went to the receptions at the Chinese minister's just to see "Seegoonan" and "Wugoonan." They looked very much like two curious costly little images, dressed in blue, gold and white silk and satins, wearing strange rich head-dresses, with jewels on their foreheads, and sometimes little tinkling bells, like very tiny sleighbells, bobbing up and down as they bowed. Little "See" used to say, "Pretty Day!" and "Nice Day!" They were here four years, and the last year they could speak in good English to visitors, and ask, "Will you drink more tea?"

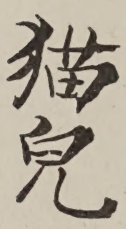
SEYEH.

"Seyeh" liked to help serve the tea. In his stiff elegant robe of pale-blue and quilted jacket of yellow satin, he looked even more foreign and funny than his sisters. Seyeh went to an English school, and rode a bicycle. Little See and Wu studied at home.

The Chinese people of high rank are fond of books and schools. As soon as a baby can speak it begins to be taught.

Little "Seegoonan" and "Wugoonan" slept with their nurses, educated Chinese women. Every morning at seven they were wakened, bathed, dressed, and sent in to their papa and mama. There they knelt down beside the bed, folded their hands as you do to say your prayers, and said good-morning.

Then they ran down stairs, where one of the secretaries taught them Chinese for an hour before breakfast. They studied square pieces of red paper, the size of A B C blocks, covered with printed signs. These signs look like little snakes and bugs, and crooked sticks. They are not "letters," neither are they "words," but just stand for objects. You don't spell them, like "c-a-t" — the Chinese never spell anything. They have a sign for cat and a sign for dog, and so on.



THE CHINESE SIGN FOR CAT.

Mrs. Yang Yu always took her breakfast with her little girls. They ate with ivory chopsticks, but they knew very well how to use a fork and spoon. Minister Yang Yu, as is the way in China, ate alone, or with his secretary and little Seyeh.

At ten they went with their nurses to their English teacher. They learned to read their primers very well, but never could see *why* it should take a *c* and an *a* and a *t* to make "cat." They thought to have a "sign" for a cat was *much* the better way. They used to skip about with their primers and laugh and chatter, but became as solemn as little owls if a stranger came in.

They liked to play with bean-bags. Sometimes Mr. Minister Papa, and Lady Mama Minister, joined in, and the teacher too, running through the big rooms, catching and tossing. In the north of China where Minister Yang Yu came from, the people never bandage and bind the feet of their girl babies, and little Seegoonan and Wugoonan could skip and run like any American child. They each had one American dress, of pink mull, with little kid shoes. When they had been *very* good they could wear these pretty American clothes, but they never looked half so cunning as in their own Chinese dress.

New Year's is the great Chinese holiday. It comes late in

January or early in February. There are big dinners for several days — roasted pigs, dried fish and bird-meats, canned bamboo, and all sorts of Chinese nuts and fruits. The children are dressed in their best satins, and wear funny "charms" of carrots and parsnips and potatoes, made of gay silk and hung to the buttons of their robes. On their little shoes are sewed cats' heads with shining glaring eyes, and whiskers sticking out made of white hair. These charms are to drive away the witches for the new year! On that day they give their parents plenty of caresses, if no kisses, rubbing their soft brown faces together, and pinching cheeks. As you have been told, the Chinese have no kisses. But when Minister Yang Yu went back to China last summer, Seyeh's English teacher gave him a farewell party of ten little girls, and each kissed him good-by at the last; and when Seyeh reached home he told his mother about the party and the kisses, and said, "Seyeh like the kiss. Seyeh like to be 'Merican."

Myra S. Delano.

IF DOLLS WERE REAL.

IF dolls were real what fun 'twould be!
Then they could truly pour their tea
And pass their plates at every meal,
If dolls were real.

If dolls were real, what cunning things
They'd do! they'd dance, and bow, and kneel,
And kiss, and love, and speak, and feel,
And put on shoes and hats and rings!
It would be nicer, a great deal,
If dolls were real.

Julia Boynton Green.

WITH ONE ARM AROUND BEVIS.

THE LITTLEST ONE OF THE BROWNS.

CHAPTER IV.—Mrs. Peter Bent's Puppy.

BEE almost dropped the doll baby in her great surprise. The beating of her heart sounded pit-a-pit in her ears, and there was a choking lump in her throat.

Could Bob be right, and was old Mrs. Pence a real story-book witch, after all? Had she tapped the baby three times with her wand and turned it into this doll?

Now, of course, a sensible little girl was not going to think *that* for long, however puzzled she might be. Yet things were happening as they do in a queer dream or in a story-book.

"Why, here is the little Brown girl," said Mrs. Bailey, kindly. "And what a beautiful doll she has!"

Bee held the doll up before her face to hide the tears that were rolling down. Where, oh, where was Cousin Albert's wife's baby? Your heart could not be thrilled even by holding

such a beautiful doll as this in your arms while it had such a dreadful ache about the baby!

"A talking doll, too!" said Mrs Bailey. For the doll squeaked "Mama! mama!" as Bee hugged it closely. "I saw one just like it that Olly Pence was dressing. She dresses dolls for that large store at Gobang. Olly is lame, so her mother goes after them for her and carries them home. I see old Mrs. Pence almost every week, with a basket of small dolls, and one of those large ones in her arms."

The tin peddler said he was glad that Olly had some work to do, for he supposed that she and her mother were very poor. And as Mrs. Bailey went into the house, after buying all she wanted, he said to Bee:

"So you wanted to go to the back road to get Olly Pence to dress your doll, did you? I didn't notice that you had a doll when I saw you running along the road."

Bee stammered something in reply. She really couldn't speak, she was thinking so hard.

It was this doll that old Mrs. Pence carried in her arms, all the time; this doll and not Cousin Albert's wife's baby!

She had not gone into the house and stolen the baby, as Bee had thought!

She carried dolls home in her basket for her daughter to dress! They were dolls' legs that Bob had seen sticking out of the basket! And Bob must have known that they were!

Bob knew, too, that there were no witches! Bee liked a good witch in a story; she had owned that she did to Bob. She had talked a good deal about them. And Bob had taken advantage of this taste of hers for witches to scare her about old Mrs. Pence! Why had she not stopped to think that some one in the house might have taken away the baby — Aunt Sallie, or Viola, the nurse!

The doll's lace cap was just like the baby's and so was the yellow hair that she had seen under the veil; but still she knew she should not have been so hasty if it had not been for that story of Bob's that old Mrs. Pence carried away children!

"I guess you'd better get some of your folks to take you out

to the back road," Dick Presho said, kindly, as he prepared to drive on. "You're kind of small to be traveling 'round with such a big baby. I suppose that a doll like that is worth a good deal of money."

As the tin-peddler said this, poor Bee's eyes grew wide with a new fright. She had carried off a valuable doll, and old Mrs. Pence thought, of course, that she meant to steal it! She must return it just as soon as possible. She would not be allowed to go out to the back road alone, but perhaps Bob would go with her. If she had to tell how foolish she had been, it would be easier to tell Bob than anyone else.

There was this good thing about Bob; although he would mimic you and laugh at you, yet when you were in trouble he would seem to feel brotherly and manly, all at once, and try to help you out.

MRS. PETER BENT'S PUPPY.

Every time that the sound of wheels made her fear that old Mrs. Pence had sent an officer to arrest her, Bee longed for Bob. And when, as the tin-peddler stopped at Mrs. Peter Bent's, to sell his wares, Bob came riding along on his new bicycle, her heart thrilled and tears of joy came into her eyes.

She felt like hugging Bob — only Bob didn't like such attentions — and there was dear old Bevis, their big dog with him.

Old Bevis was frisking like a young dog after Bob's new bicycle. Bee hoped that he wasn't so excited as to take any notice of Mrs. Peter Bent's great Newfoundland puppy, that had come out, barking madly.

She had slipped down from the wagon, after tucking the doll carefully behind the rag-bags that had taken the place of the blue tub.

"What are you riding round on the tin wagon for? mama won't like it!" exclaimed Bob. "We thought you were at Aunt Sallie's."

Bee poured out the whole story, standing with one arm around her old dog's neck, partly to keep him away from Mrs. Peter Bent's puppy, partly because it made her feel braver.

"The idea of letting *you* take care of a baby!" said Bob. (But that was the only cruel thing he said.) "I should think you might have known what I meant when I said I saw little legs sticking out of old Mrs. Pence's basket! I knew that her daughter dressed dolls for the Gobang toy-store. Yes, I'll go with you and carry the doll back. Where is it?"

Mrs. Peter Bent's puppy was growling and barking, and he was shaking and tearing something.

The tin-peddler shouted at him, "Here, get away from my bags! that dog is always after my rag-bags."

But it was not a rag-bag that Mrs. Peter Bent's puppy had seized upon this time!

He dashed along the road with something yellow and waving in his mouth. A doll's hair!

"He has got the doll and torn her hair off!" cried Bob, who was nearest to him. "Whoa, there!" But the tin-peddler's horse, annoyed by flies, was restlessly backing. The wagon-wheel went directly over the poor doll, with her curly yellow wig gone, that the puppy had left in the road.

Sophie Swett.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GROTESQUEMAUX.

IN THEIR COACHES FINE THEV GO.

DOLLIES IN WINTER.

IN the house must dollies stay
In the winter weather;
Though they wear their woollen gowns
Trimmed with fur and feather,
When the frost is on the pane
And the snow drifts round the door,
Dolls must take their rides and teas
On the nursery floor.
To and fro, to and fro,
In their coaches fine they go,
And they eat from little dishes
That are set out in a row;
And the dark days of the year
Are to them most full of cheer.

When the nursery fire burns low
And without the cold winds blow,
  When the moon's awake, to peep
Over roofs and chimneys tall,
And to gild the doll-house wall,
  Then the dolls are fast asleep;
Fast asleep in little beds
With their night-caps on their heads.
"Tick-tock, tick-tock,"
Says the steady mantle clock,
  Keeping watch until the chippies
Chirping in a noisy flock,
And the daylight's earliest gleams,
Wake the children from their dreams.

Hannah R. Hudson.

THEN THE DOLLS ARE FAST ASLEEP.

ELSIE'S FUNNY VALENTINE.

(*See frontispiece.*)

"I *WISH* I had a kitten!" little Elsie had said every day. Every day for as much as a year, she had said that thing!

"I *wish* I had a kitten!" she said to the minister, whenever he called.

"I *wish* I could have a kitten!" she said every time Doctor Grey came in.

And Elsie had said she *wished* she could have a kitten at the grocery, and at the notions store. And she had said it to all her mama's callers. And she had said so to her teacher; and all her playmates knew that Elsie Lane wished she had a kitten. And she had wished for a kitten two or three thousand times to her papa and her mama and her grandmother.

But Elsie's mama didn't like cats, and her grandmother said that for that reason Elsie ought not to tease for a kitten, and her papa always said, "Don't bother mama, Elsie!"

"Well," said Elsie, one day, "I won't. But I do *wish* I had a kitten! I would have it sleep up in my room, grandma, to-night."

"You had better talk about your valentines," said grandma. "Have you forgotten that to-morrow is Valentine's Day?"

The first morning mail, next day, brought Elsie two pretty valentines, all lace and flowers and verses. When she came home at noon, she found several more. And after school, all the evening, she was kept busy answering the bell. Sometimes she found nothing, and sometimes she found a nice one with her name printed on it in a queer hand. Once when she stooped to pick up a valentine she found that it was only a square place marked on the porch with white chalk.

About eight o'clock there came a much louder ring than any before, and Elsie ran quickly. She wanted to catch whoever was there before they could get away. She opened the door and saw — well, what she saw was this — the dearest little bit of a kitten, dark-gray and white, wearing the prettiest silver collar, and it had pink and blue satin ribbons tied in bows on its little feet, and there was a big bow on its collar — all, you know, to make it look like a valentine. Upon the silver collar was engraved its name, "SWEETHEART," and under the name, "*I love you.*" The kitten looked up at Elsie and mewed, and then purred. Such an "Oh!" of delight fell from Elsie's lips. "Mama! papa! grandma! come here!"

But the *funny* thing is that Elsie never found out who sent

the little valentine cat! Doctor Grey said he didn't, and the minister said *he* didn't, and the grocer said *he* didn't, and Elsie's papa and mama and grandmother and her schoolmates said *they* didn't, and so said everyone whom she asked.

Elsie wonders about it still, although she is now a tall girl of fourteen, and "Sweetheart" a great, venerable, sleepy, rocking-chair cat.

May W. Clymer.

BUMBLE–BEE AND HUMMING–BIRD.

(*The Booboo Stories.*)

"WHAT IS THAT NOISE, PAPA?"

ONE day the little Booboo was sailing his little ship on the little lake in the garden, and the big Booboo was lying under a tree near by. On the soft green grass he was lying.

And all at once the little Booboo heard a funny little noise in the big rose-bush near by. "Humble-te, humble-te, bumble-te, hum!"—this is the noise he heard.

And he called to his father, "What is that noise, papa?"

And his father said, "That is a bumble-bee, my son. It will not hurt you, it will not hurt me, it will not hurt anyone."

And the little Booboo said, "I can't see the bumble-bee."

And his father said, "Look! look! there he flies! Now see, he lights on the thistle close by that tree!"

And the bumble-bee — the big black bumble-bee lit on the thistle and sang.

And the big Booboo and the little Booboo sat under the tree and looked at the bumble-bee and listened to him.

"NOT THE BUMBLE-BEE."

And when the bumble-bee had flown away from the thistle the big Booboo sang this little song, and the little Booboo sang the song too — they sang it over and over:

A bumble-bee on
a thistle sat,
He sat on a this-
tle and sang.
He sat in the sun,
And saw no one
And the song in
our ears rang:
Humble-te, bum-
ble-te, humble-
te hum!

Bumble-te, humble-te, bumble-te, bum!
He sat in the sun,
And saw no one,
Singing humble-te, bumble-te, bum!

And all at once they heard a little humming noise.

And Robbie said, "I hear the bumble-bee again, papa."

And his father said, "Listen! listen! That is not the bumble-bee. Look, over the rose-bush, you will see a tiny bird."

And Robbie clapped his hands.

"What a dear bird!" he cried, "what a dear little bird!"

And his father said, "That is a humming-bird, my son. See how his long little bill sucks the honey out of the rose?"

And when the humming-bird had flown away the big Booboo sang *this* little song — and the little Booboo sang it too — they sang it over and over:

The humming-bird loves honey,
And the bee loves honey, too;
This surely isn't funny,
For we love honey too!"

Gertrude Smith, author of "Arabella and Araminta Stories."

HIS BEST.

(*A true story of Dr. Arnold of Rugby School. For recitation.*)

"YOU must harder study," the teacher said,
"Three questions you cannot answer!"
"I would do better," the boy replied,
"But I'm doing the best I can, sir!"

"My boy, my pardon I beg of you!
Many questions *I* cannot answer;
And I wish myself I could better do,
But *I'm* doing the best *I* can, sir!"

That teacher left a famous name
To English education;
That earnest boy with words of flame
To progress led the nation.

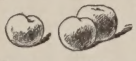
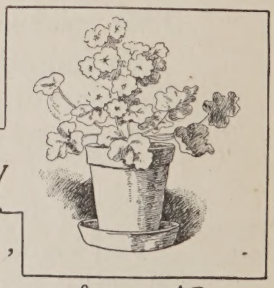
. . . . . .

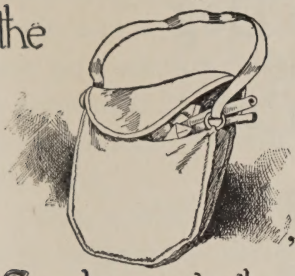
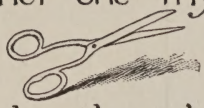
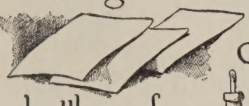
I've said my piece, I'll make my bow,
You know I'm not a man, sir;
I'll better speak next time, but now
I've done the best I can, sir!

Hezekiah Butterworth.

WHAT DID THE BLACK CAT DO? GUESS!

IV

How busy Maggie was on St. Valentine's Day! The kept ringing, and the postman's hands were full of What fun it was to open them and pull out the Valentines – lovely things full of gay and and and wreaths of and cunning little verses. There were Valentines for Polly and Prissy and Tom and Fred and the and Nathan. Even Bridget had a letter from Ireland with a in it, and she dropped the full of  she was peeling, she was so surprised. There was a dainty of candy for Polly, and prettiest of all was a lovely  full of pink blossoms for Mama, who guessed at once that it came from Papa.

But among them all, in the express wagon or the  there was not a or a Valentine for Maggie. Fred felt very sorry. "I will make her one myself!" he thought. So he got the  and some sheets of  colored pink and yellow, and the bottle of , and sat down in the study to work. "To Maggie", he wrote at the top of the . Then he pasted on some of colored paper. "Fred!" called somebody from down-stairs. And as Fred went out of the door the came in. He jumped up on the and dipped his paw in the big . When Fred came back, he jumped down. "O, look!" cried Fred, "Maggie has a Valentine, after all, from Puss!" And what had the Black Cat done? Guess!

Margaret Johnson.

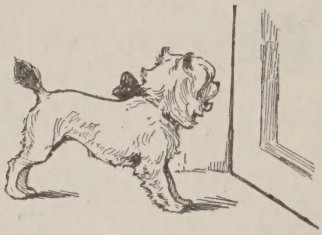
The Little Dog Who Rode In Street-Cars.

Waiting for the car

He looked at everybody very pleasantly.

"Where are we, anyway?"

He raced across the pavement —



"Wowf, wowf! Let me in!"

ONE day I was coming home on a street-car. It was not very full and I sat near the back door. Presently the car stopped, then went on again. But I could not see that anyone got on. So I looked through the door.

There on the platform was a little gray dog, with a very pink tongue hanging out of his mouth. He was looking up

at the conductor and wagging his little tail as if he were explaining something.

He was a very pretty little dog, and he had a large red ribbon bow on his collar, which showed that his people thought a great deal of him. Besides, he was very nicely washed and brushed and his silky hair was parted down the middle of his back.

After a while the little dog came in. He looked at us all very pleasantly, then jumped up on a seat, as if it were the most natural thing in the world for little dogs to ride in street-cars all by themselves. A great many people laughed, and some of them called to him, but although he wagged his tail in a friendly way, he was very dignified and stayed just where he was.

Presently the car turned into another street, and the little dog jumped up and put his paws on the window sill. He looked anxiously out, up and down the street, for a minute or two. Then he sat down again, as if he were quite satisfied, and seemed to say, "It's all right, we're not there yet."

Two or three times after this he jumped up and looked out the window. The last time he stayed for quite a long time, and when he got down, instead of sitting on the seat, he jumped down and ran to the door.

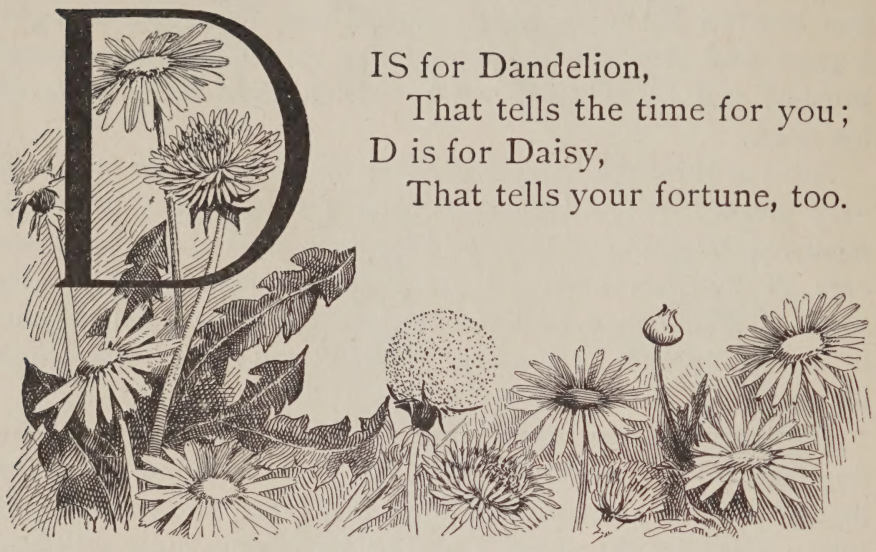
The conductor rang the bell for the car to stop, and the little dog got off, and raced across the sidewalk, and up the stone steps of one of the houses, and began barking furiously at the door. As the car jingled on I looked back at him, still barking, until a black boy opened the door and the little dog wagged his tail and ran in.

A gentleman called the conductor in and asked him about the funny little passenger.

"O," said the conductor, "that little dog? He often takes a car home when he is tired. The conductors all know him, and when they see him standing or sitting on the crossings, they always stop for him. He never makes any trouble, and no one has ever objected to him."

Etheldred B. Barry.

THE ALPHABET BEAUTIFUL



D IS for Dandelion,
That tells the time for you;
D is for Daisy,
That tells your fortune, too.

(*Mama's Daisy-Dandelion Talk.*)

"FOUR hundred years ago, when Columbus came over, there was not a daisy or a dandelion in all America," said I to the children.

We were out in the edge of the great mowing-field. Will was pulling daisy petals, and saying, "Rich man, poor man;" Tom was blowing the fluffy top of a gone-to-seed dandelion, to tell Dot the time of day.

"Why, *mama!*" cried Dot. "Then where did they all come from — they are everywhere now — *everywhere!*" "Flowers are great travellers," said I. "The early settlers brought them at first, perhaps on purpose because they were the dear home flowers, more likely mixed by accident with their field and garden seeds. Once here, they went about by themselves. They stole rides again with other seeds. The birds carried them. The brooks and rivers bore them along."

"And dandelion seeds can fly in the air," said Tom. "See them go now," he cried, pointing at those just blown from the

stem and floating off over the field. "Yes," said I, "every dandelion seed has its own little balloon, and can sail away across a town, a county, a State, and then drop down and start a new colony in a new State. And now everywhere the daisy and the dandelion are the children's play-flowers."

DANDELION SEED.

"Dan — de — lion," said Will slowly — "what an odd name!" "Yes," said I, "it is from three French words, '*dent de lion*,' and means 'tooth of the lion.' The leaf, you see, is notched like a lion's teeth."

"O — o," said Dot, "and does daisy mean anything?" "Daisy is short for 'day's eye.' That was the old name for the little pink-tipped English daisy, which closes at night and opens like an eye with the day. The little English daisy stayed at home when its big white cousin came to America. This daisy, our daisy, is called moon-daisy in England — perhaps because it don't close at night, but keeps awake with the moon."

IN THE EDGE OF THE GREAT MOWING-FIELD.

"NOW, READY! SING!"

THE DOG AT UNCLE ANDREW'S.

BESSIE was the little city cousin that was visiting Myrtle, and Myrtle was the little country cousin that was having the visit. They played with Myrtle's dolls, and they read in Myrtle's story-books, and they ran about the farm, and took walks along the country roads. But the thing they liked best to do was to match little bragging stories. That is, Bessie would brag about something fine in the city, and then Myrtle would brag about something fine in the country. At first the stories were not bragging stories, but just stories to please each other. But finally Myrtle began to feel that when Bessie told about something very interesting, she must tell about something "interestinger," and soon both began to talk very fast and be out of breath, and to interrupt.

"At home," said Bessie, "we have candies that are full of cream inside, and yellow candies the shape of buttercups, and green candies in pods, the shape of peas" —

"O, well," said Myrtle, "we have trees right here on Uncle Andrew's farm that make sugar."

"O, I know all about maple sugar," broke in Bessie. "We have hand-organs in all our streets, and there is always a dear little monkey" —

"Live ones?" Myrtle asked.

"O, yes indeed," answered Bessie. "They always bow to us children and take off their caps when we give them a penny, and they dance — oh, you ought to see a monkey dance!"

"Well," said Myrtle, "we have a dog that can sing."

"A dog that can sing!" Bessie echoed.

"Yes, sir," said Myrtle. "He is Dan, Uncle Andrew's dog."

"I want to hear him," exclaimed Bessie.

"He won't sing for anybody but Uncle Andrew," Myrtle said. "We will have to wait until this evening, and then we will have Uncle Andrew have him sing."

When evening came Uncle Andrew was quite willing to show off Dan's "sing–ular accomplishment," as he called it.

"Dan is a very modest dog," he said, as he brought out several old-fashioned singing books, "and will only sing when others are singing. He refuses to sing alone. So you and Myrtle will have to sing, too." Uncle Andrew seated them all, in a row of chairs, and gave each one a singing-book. In the middle chair of the row, between Bessie and Myrtle, he placed Dan, or rather Dan jumped up into the empty chair when Uncle Andrew told him to.

Then Uncle Andrew said, "Sit up, Dan, and take your singing-book." Dan sat up straight in the chair, and held up his two front legs for Uncle Andrew to place the open singing-book upon.

Bessie looked very much astonished at this. But Dan paid no attention to his neighbors, his eyes were upon his master.

"Now, ready! sing!" exclaimed Uncle Andrew, waving the stove poker in the air, as a baton, and beating time.

"My country, 'tis of thee," they all began. Yes, all, for Dan opened his mouth at the same instant as Bessie and Myrtle, and gave a prolonged howl. Then he howled again in a different key. Then again in still another, howling high if Bessie and Myrtle sang high, or low if Bessie and Myrtle sang low.

He was just as much in earnest as any of them, and paid no attention when Myrtle stopped singing to laugh.

When Uncle Andrew brought his poker up in the air and held it there, Dan knew as well as the rest that it was time to stop singing, and he stopped and stood still upon his hind legs until Uncle Andrew took the books. Then he jumped down from the chair and went about wagging his tail as though he knew that he had done his part well.

"O, you dear old Dan," exclaimed Bessie, throwing herself upon the floor beside him and putting her arm around his neck, "you're just twice as funny as the monkeys!"

Julia Darrow Cowles.

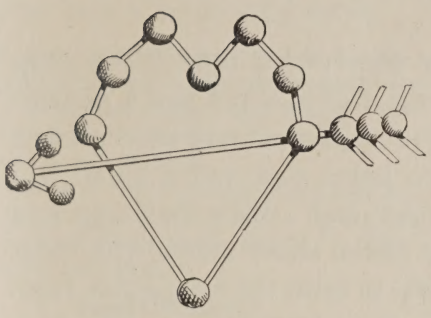
The Wim-si-wee.

THE Wim-si-wee is a nice little chap,
But he has one terrible fault;
He utterly and totally refuses to eat
Unless he has pepper and salt!

Marie Flaacke.

MORE STICK-AND-PEA PLAYS

(For St. Valentine's Day and Washington's Birthday.)



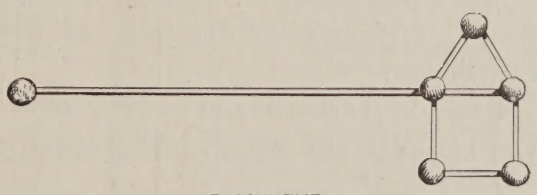
THE HEART-AND-ARROW.

FOR a stick-and-pea play you need a bundle of slender sticks and a dish of soaked peas. Soak the peas in water over-night, and dry an hour before using.

When you get a pretty lace-paper valentine, with its hearts and arrows and doves and cupids, on February 14th, you will like to make a heart-and-arrow.

This is the way. Take six short sticks, two longer sticks, and eight peas, and put them together for the heart, as in the picture. Next, take a long stick for the arrow, put a pea on one end for the head, and into this pea thrust two very short sticks with peas on the ends, for the barbs. Then slip the arrow stick through one of the side peas of the heart; on this end of the arrow slip three peas, close together, and into these peas slip six very short sticks for the feathers.

You can make the heart-and-arrow before St. Valentine's Day, if you like, and put it in a tiny box, and give it to some little friend for a valentine.

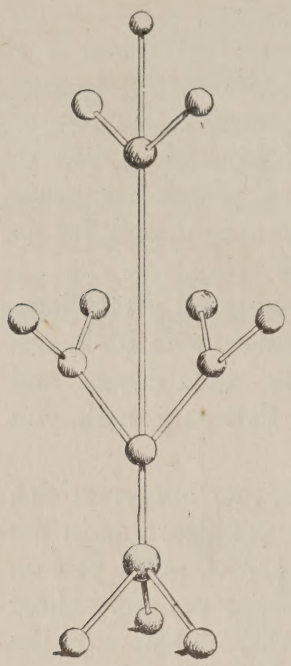


THE HATCHET.

On February 22nd, the birthday of Washington, the Father of his Country, the day when papa tells you the hatchet story, about the little boy Washington and his father and his father's cherry-tree, you can have another stick-and-pea play — and make a hatchet, a cherry-tree, and maybe a bunch of cherries.

The hatchet is quite easy. Take a long stick for the handle,

and slip two peas on one end, a little apart. Then, with five short sticks and three more peas, make the blade and head of the hatchet, as in the picture. Finish the hatchet with a pea at the end of the handle.



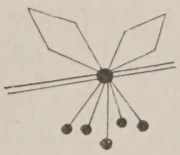
THE CHERRY-TREE.

For the cherry-tree, take first a long stick for the trunk, slip a pea a quarter way on from each end, and then a large pea on the lower end and a small pea on the upper end. Into the large end pea thrust three short sticks with peas on the ends, to form the triangular base, so the tree may "stand up." The picture will show how this is done, also how the branches are made and set into the two peas on the trunk.

A pretty bunch of cherries may be made as in the "plan." Slip two sticks through a big pea for the twig. In the top of the big pea insert two or three leaves. To make a leaf, take a slim stick, make a sharp bend in the center, and a slight bend in the middle of each half; then bring the two ends together and thrust them into the pea. Wet the stick before bending, and bend carefully so as not to break it apart. Next insert five sticks in the bottom of the big pea, for the stems of the cherries; then slip five peas on the ends of the stems for the cherries themselves.

Red checkerberries are better than peas for the cherries — you can pick and eat the checkerberry cherries!

C. S. P.



"PLAN" OF CHERRIES.

HOW TO GIVE A SNOW-BALL PARTY.

TEN fun-loving little boys of my acquaintance have formed themselves into a "Birthday Club," and the mother of each gives a party when her son's birthday comes round.

In February the Birthday Club was invited to Master Bert Terry's house to an "Indoor Snow-ball Party." The invitations ran thus:

BERT TERRY'S
SEVENTH BIRTHDAY PARTY.
FROM SIX TO NINE.
THURSDAY EVENING, JANUARY FOURTH.
SNOW-BALL FROLIC.
85 *WILLOW AVE.*

The little lads who received the invitations were filled with curiosity, for they were certain Mrs. Terry did not mean they were to have real snow in her charming parlors. Bert could not tell them, as he was ignorant as to what was in store for them, but he felt sure it was something nice.

On the night appointed, the guests and their host found that a large room in the upper part of the house had been prepared for the "frolic." The walls had been covered with white bunting, branches of evergreens had been painted over with mucilage and then covered with diamond-dust, and cotton wool had been pulled in long ragged points, to resemble icicles. With the bright lights shining on the walls, any one would think them covered with real snow. There was no furniture to mar, or bric-a-brac to break. The Birthday Club could frolic as it pleased. The snow-balls were made of white wool and there were plenty of them.

After the boys had snow-balled for a time, Mrs. Terry came in and chairs were brought, and she showed them how to play two ball games. The first was called "Hunt the Ball." After the boys were seated, one was given a ball, and another stood in the center of

(*Continued on page* ii.)

Bemis Eye Sanitarium.

The home of the

Original Absorption Treatment.

Established 1889. The largest and most successful institution in America.

OFFICE NO. 1 AND MARION HOUSE.

THE BEMIS PLACE.

Blindness Can Be Prevented.

The Absorption Treatment a Success.

It is Endorsed by Representative People

Rev. B. N. Palmer, D. D., of New Orleans, says:

For example, if there is atrophy of the nerve, or any other of the several afflictions to which the eye is troubled, it is due to the fact that the eye has become sluggish and dormant. The theory is to wake up that sluggish eye and make every part perform the functions which nature assigns to that part. "The treatment is to act directly upon the eye as an organ by various harmless agents applied to stimulate and to vitalize the eye: then the circulation may be restored, the blood will be thrown back on all the parts where it is needed to nourish, so there need be no disease of the eyes which cannot be reached by this treatment, thus avoiding the knife and all risk.

"I consulted Dr. Knapp, of New York, and Dr. Pope, of New Orleans, who diagnosed my case as Atrophy. After one year's treatment they pronounced my case hopeless. In July, 1896, I consulted E. H. Bemis, Eye Specialist, one eye being nearly sightless and the other only available with the aid of a strong magnifying glass. I had nothing to lose and a great deal to gain. After treatment the strong magnifying glass was discarded and glasses used years ago enabled me to read."

An average of over 6,000 treatments given monthly at the *Bemis Sanitarium*, and hundreds successfully treated at their homes by mail. **Pamphlet free,** describing treatment.

The Bemis Eye Sanitarium, Glens Falls. N.Y.

We Have No Branch Offices.

the circle as a hunter, then the players all bent forward and passed the ball from hand to hand, beneath the knee, in such a way as to hide it from the hunter, for when he happened to see it, he would snatch for it, trying his best to get it; if he succeeded the one he took it from became hunter. This proved to be a merry game, but "Hit the Bell" was still more enjoyable.

A hoop painted white was hung from the center of the room, and a bell was suspended in the middle of the hoop; the one who hit the bell the greatest number of times in throwing the ball through ten times, won.

At supper, in the center of the table the boys beheld a snow-man, about two feet high, made of fluffy cotton wool, and frosted powder; he was surrounded by pyramids of snow-balls, tiny round cakes, covered with cocoanut. The white bon-bons were in glass dishes, the sandwiches were tied with white ribbon, and beside each plate were little baskets of braided sugar-candy filled with crystalized fruit; even the vanilla ice-cream was moulded into snow-balls.

Ruth Virginia Sackett.

Children Teething.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over **Fifty Years** by **Millions** of **Mothers** for their **Children while Teething**, with **Perfect Success.** It **Soothes** the **Child, Softens** the **Gums, Allays** all **Pain; cures Wind Colic,** and is the best remedy for **Diarrhœa.** Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

Twenty-five cents a bottle.

HOOPING-COUGH CROUP.

Roche's Herbal Embrocation.

The celebrated and effectual English Cure without internal medicine. Proprietors W. EDWARD & SON., Queen Victoria Street, London, England. Wholesale of

E. Fougera & Co., 30 North William St., N. Y.

200 Foreign Stamps. Gibraltar, Phillipine Islands, Costa Rica, etc., 6 cts.
H. L. ASHFIELD, 767 Prospect Avenue, New York City.

PLAY TIME

SOME PENNY VALENTINES.

If you are going to give penny valentines, don't buy those rude bright-colored ones that have such dreadful pictures and dreadful verses. Don't buy any sort, but, just for fun, make them!

This is the way you can do it. Cut out a square of fine white cotton cloth, four or fiue inches each way, making the edges scalloped, or pinked, or sew a bit of narrow lace around. Find the exact middle, and lay a penny there, stretching the cotton over it so that one side of the penny will be smooth, while the other will be covered with the folds. Hold it so, while some helper ties a bit of string tightly around.

The smooth side is the face. Mark eyes, nose, and mouth with pencil or pen, or paints. Tie a pretty ribbon around the neck, or else put a frill of lace there, and the penny valentine doll is done. The skirt will be prettier if you sew one or two rows of "baby ribbon" around it, just above the edge.

You can make several kinds from this description. By cutting a circle instead of a square, you will make the cloth look more like a real skirt. You can fasten on a lace or silk skirt below the head, but the head itself must always be white. Or you can use a dainty Japanese paper napkin for the doll.

A nice Dinah-doll valentine is made by using black cloth instead of white. The features of the face can be stitched in with colored sewing-silk.

If you want to use two pennies for one doll, you can tie one in for the head, then slip another under the goods close up to the head, pulling the goods down in smooth folds on both sides of the second penny, which makes a waist. Around the waist fasten a long ribbon for a sash.

Instead of using pennies, you could make very *sweet* valentines by using flat round candies, folded in gay tissue paper, tied with tinsel or rilbon.

Slip each doll into a square envelope, and tie the envelope with narrow ribbon passed around it both ways.

Annie Isabel Willis.

Children who wish to "make scribers" for LITTLE FOLKS and would like to choose premiums from the LITTLE FOLKS pictorial Premium List instead of receiving a money commission, can get the list by writing to S. E. Cassino, Publisher, 221 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass., for the November number of LITTLE FOLKS. It will be sent free.

Dear Little Folks: — I am a little boy eight years years old. My papa gets you for me. I am so glad. I want to be the first boy in Ohio to write a letter for you. Hello, Cassino! I am glad you got your wheel! I would like to have one too. Yo must not charge so much candy next time.

Harley J. Crooks.

CHELSEA, MASS.

Dear Little Folks: — I s'pose you know why our Kindergarten is so nice. It's cause we's all relations. Ruth is my cousin. I love Ruth. Donald is Dorothy's brother, and when we play "Hopping Bird" he always chooses Dorothy. Louise is Helen's cousin, and Willard has a little sister, but *she* don't belong, she just visits. My big brother says my school is a "bird school." But we never had any birds there, 'cepting a squirrel, and he only staid a day. Louise was just as 'fraid as could be, and the squirrel went 'wound and 'wound in his little house, and we all gave him little nice crackers to eat, and then a boy camed and took him home. We had a great s'prise in my school. We had a Christmas-tree — that was the s'prise, and we had a secret, too. I telled mama she never could guess all the buful things we were doing, and she telled me she would never ask me anysing about it. The day for the s'prise was my birthday. All the mamas camed, and one grandpa; and we sang all our songs. I love my teacher. She just 'pends on Dorothy and me to sing. Some of the chillens drag when we sing. Sometimes Dorothy and I drag, just like an old 'spress wagon After our songs, we played games — "The old gray cat," and "How does the farmer sell his barley and wheat?" All the mamas laughed then. Donald kept peeking at the s'prise, but he is the very littlest one. When the curtains dropped down we saw every 'sing — little dolls, and candy canes, and all the cards we made ourselves — all right on the big s'prise tree! My teacher's papa made every one of us a little doll's sled. O, it was a lovely s'prise, and then we all went home as happy as we could be.

Curly-Pate.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Dear Little Folks: — I thought that you might like to know a little about my vacation last summer at a small place up the Columbia River, called "Hood River." There are a good many hills and cañons around our house there, and the nearest neighbor we have at Hood River is as much as a third of a mile off! Sometimes my papa and my brother and I went fishing to catch "salmon-trout." The stream is very swift in most places, and papa had to fish in a still pool. To get to this still pool we have to go down a steep path; and on very hot days we went down and staid in that cool place all day. Papa and Sam (my brother) once came home with nine big salmon-trout! Sometimes a little boy named Henry Brown went fishing with me. One day I caught twenty-one little trout in the brooks. They were about four or five inches long.

Tom Eliot.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Dear Little Folks: — My grandma wishes me to write a letter to you. I am going to tell you how Helena and I wash the silver and glasses. Helena washes the silver and glasses one week and I help upstairs, then the next week I wash them and Helena helps upstairs. Grandma taught me a little verse about washing the silver and glasses·

When a little girlie has washed the glasses
One hundred times and one,
Sometimes that girlie wishes
Away from it all to run,
Away, away for a little while,
To have a little fun!
Then hurrah! back she'll come,
With a song and a smile,
To wash the bright new glasses
One hundred times and one.

Grandma taught me how to make a cake. I take a tablespoonful of butter and a cup of sugar and stir them together, then I beat an egg and pour it in. Then I take a half cup of milk and stir it in, then a cup of flour and put it in slowly. Then I bake it in a plain pan. I put a teaspoon of baking powder in the flour, and a little flavoring. Helena is four years old, and I am six.

Alice Stockham.

ROCHESTER, MASS.

Dear Little Folks: — A boy that lived in Marion went to New York to live, and when he went to New York in September he gave me his two rabbits. They are black and white, and one has pink eyes and the other has blue eyes. They are fat and plump and I love them. I said to auntie, "If I die before my rabbits, will you put them beside me?" and she said, "Yes, I will." The man that lives next door to us is a nice man. He gave me fifty cents at Christmas. He has a little black-and-tan puppy, and it is full of frolic just like my little sister Ethel. He shut it up in his corn house, and it broke a pane of glass and was ready to jump out, but he thought he had better open the door. He left his mittens on some logs near the mill, and the puppy carried off one, and he could not find it, although he hunted everywhere. Papa gave me a first-class fish-pole for a Christmas present. I had a fine time Christmas. I had a book and a knife and two games, and some other things. I went to the hall to the Christmas-tree Friday evening, that's Christmas Eve, and we children played games downstairs. Then we went up and I had to recite and sing a song about the snowflakes. All the children sang "Santa Claus has come to town," and then he really came, and gave us candy and lots of things. Papa has been on the jury for nearly three weeks, and my brother Ernest had to take all the care of the cows and horses, only when I helped him.

Royal J. Haskill.

The March Number will have, among many good things, a true and curious story of a baby Blue Jay, that was picked up by some children after a Kansas cyclone.

Mothers and Fathers are Invited to send to the Editors of LITTLE FOLKS, Warner, N. H., the interesting "sayings" and "doings" of their children. Collections of these sayings and doings will be published in the Mother's Department as a valuable contribution to child-study.

Pictures for the Next Baby Show may be sent direct to the Editors of LITTLE FOLKS, Warner, N. H.

The Letter-Bag is not quite full yet. All readers of LITTLE FOLKS are invited to write.

The picture of the bright little girl on the cover of the January LITTLE FOLKS, was engraved from a photograph taken by Mr. Glines, one of Boston's leading photographers.

The Publisher will be glad to have the friends of LITTLE FOLKS send him the names of reliable people who have taken subscriptions for other magazines and papers.

Is any reduction made in the price of LITTLE FOLKS if clubbed with other magazines? has been asked of the publisher. In reply, LITTLE FOLKS will be sent in connection with other leading magazines at the following prices:

Harper's Magazine and LITTLE FOLKS	$4.10
The Century " " "	4.50
Scribner's Monthly " " "	3.50
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If you have a friend who would like to subscribe for LITTLE FOLKS but does not feel able to do so, tell them how easy it is to have it free. *Anyone* can find two people who will subscribe, and the publisher will send LITTLE FOLKS free for a year to any one who sends two subscribers. A sample to be used for this purpose will be sent free.

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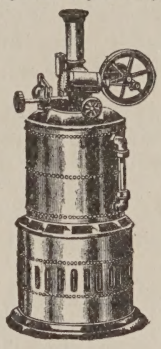
NOTE.—*For each Watch include 10 cents extra for postage and registering.*



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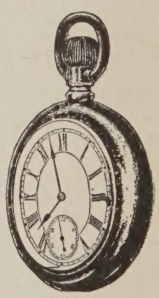

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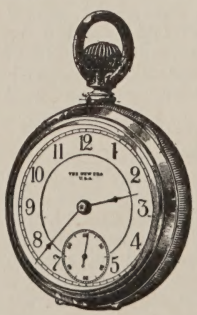

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To those who regularly purchase Little Folks at the news stands the publisher will make the same Special Offer as to subscribers, of a Set of Eight very attractive Etchings. If you care to know what the offer is write for information.

Active Partners Wanted.

The publisher of LITTLE FOLKS *finds that he has need of assistants, and as he wants one or more in every town in the United States he has decided to advertise for partners. No capital will be required, and young people are preferred. Every subscriber to* LITTLE FOLKS *and every one who would like to be a subscriber is invited to become a partner. The publisher will continue to attend to the matter of making and publishing the magazine, and the new partners shall have charge of the matter of circulation. And as this is a very important department of the business he hopes every new partner will earnestly work for the benefit of the Little Folks Company. Each partner will be expected to use his or her best efforts to secure subscribers. You need have no fear that the publisher will not do his part and make a magazine that you will be proud of. With this part of the business well attended to, you will find your work easy. He will send you sample copies, prospectuses, etc., and help you in any way he can. And as to profits, the publisher has figured the matter out very carefully, and has decided to give his partners, this year, the lion's share. For every subscriber sent by one of the partners he will expect them to retain—but it would not do to publish the terms of the co-partnership in this prominent place—they will be sent by mail if you will ask for them at once. The business is very profitable and each partner will participate in the profits to the full extent of his or her exertions.*

Any boy or girl between the ages of seven and seventy who would like to become a partner in LITTLE FOLKS *should write at once.*

S. E. CASSINO, Publisher,
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